To bubbling springs that gentle music makes
To lovers' plaints with heart-sore throbs immix'd
Then as my dear this way her plessure takes.
Tell her with tears how firm my love is fix'd;
and, Philomel, report my timorous fears,
and, Echo, sound my heigh-ho's in her ears:
fut if ahe asks if I for love will die.
Tell her, Good faith, good faith, good faith—not L

THE TENT GOES UP.

THE INTOLERABLE CURIOSITY OF THE SOUTH SHORE.

Stony Beach, May 26.—Our tent is up. Not only sp, but it has a board floor. When Mrs. Yates went scross Salt Fond that day in desperate pursuit of some man who would be willing to work for a few tours, she was successful far beyond anything we had hoped. When her dory was seen coming back after a long absence, it contained a man, and that man proved to be a carpenter. He actually brought a few tools with him, and could use them without coapplaining of being tired. As I had expected, Cap'n fael lingered near until he learned why Maria Jane had gone, then he limped away over the ridge to tell the inhabitants that "them women had got a man to work for 'em finally, 'n he guessed they'd got a lesson now nut to come down here agin without no man."

Indeed, we had that lesson thoroughly learned.

SOUTH SHORE.

Sho sald that dinner would be ready at twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as twelve exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly, and now we were there we might as well exactly in the base of the house. There were some plank and white shells on the table; on the walls a very highly tinted picture of Grace Darling in a very small boat just rising on the top of a very large wave; and opposite, the carefully dried remains of a cigar fish. As Mrs. Marlow was leaving the room she pauler to the outside of t

and was astounded when Cap'n Asel told us that "that smell was the main thing which made this part of the shore so healthy. There want no smell like it on the whole coast,"-this we believed-" 'twas good for the chist, 'n twas good for the stummick. dn't er ben for that ma'sh smell, his leg'd ben a

There was in my mind often a suspicion that Cap'n Asel was not talking what, as children, we used to call "honest Indian." I looked at him curiously to discover any sign of insincerity, but I have not yet found any such sign. He is ignorant enough and self-conceited enough not to know any better than he talks. It must be his solemnity that makes me sus-

Maria Jane went with us that forenoon to Widow Marlow's. We had risen so early, on account of Mr. Morse's wish to get into his barn, that, at 11 o'clock, it already seemed as if it were a week since that hour in the foggy morning twilight when I had accompanied Mr. Morse as a protector against Max. Mrs. Marlow's residence was a two-story building, very straight and very narrow, with nothing whatever to break its up and down look; even the windows and doors were exactly flush with the surface, an effect which I never before saw reached to such a monote is degree. Of course there was not a tree, for there no trees in the vicinity. If you stay on this coast it is because of love for the sea and the gray rocks and grayer shore, not for love of green trees or shrubs or is. Except when the ocean is green there is an tire absence of that hue. The marshes never have that color which is the characteristic of inland vegebut they have their own restful shade.

Mrs. Murlow was cleaning her "front entry" when we arrived; she was also giving orders through the space between that and the kitchen to some one in the latter place who was invisible, but whe, we judged, was making a chowder. Mrs. Yates related our story, and hoped that Mrs. Murlow could give us our meals for a few days. Mrs. Marlow was a large

was clear twould have a different look. The picture of President Garfield," now on the floor with its back to us, "sort of set off the entry some, when hung." She had a very deprecatory air which we found later was not entirely the effect of being caught cleaning house, but was habitual. She finally said.

"Wall, if you'll take us just as we be, you may come. Our regulars come last week 'n we shant have to cook much more for you two."

She said that dinner would be ready at tweive

International Record condensation from report of Inspectors'
Board.

Alexander Crews was delivered, in the dead of winter, at Clayton, with these others, to the contractor, who be ought them to Montgomers, where they were kept, handcuiled and the 'cor chained together, in the 'cloted waiting room at the depot all night, with no opportunity to lie down. The next day they were compelied to walk twenty-two miles through a sleet-storm, without sufficient food and with no chance to warm themselves by a fire, though they might have been carried by train within four miles of the lessoe's plantation. On the farm Crews was frequently and sometimes cruelly whipped, exposed during most of the very cold weather, starved and worked when he was sick. He remained but thirty days, and the day before he was discharged he was knocked down by a guard with a spade or shovel, and struck with it while on the ground. Five days liater he was dead.

Jere Ford claimed to be sick. The contractor thought he was malingering. Apparently he was too ill to do his work, which was in a brick-yard, whereupon the contractor "sent to a harness too ill to do his work, which was in a brick-yard, whereupon the contractor "sent to a harness the lines with it upon his body." This was before dinner. After dinner the contractor "sent to a harness with it upon his body." This was before dinner after dinner the contractor "sent to a harness maker's shop and procured a piece of leather twenty-six inches long, two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, which was fastened upon a wooden handle shout fifteen inches long and half an inch thick. He then tied Jere's arms around a the, fastened his legs to the tiree with a rope, and struck him thirty or forty blows upon his naked person, some of which free his head of the was stripped and hucked, and about the same number of blows inflicted. A short time afterward he was again whipped, and, "from the exidence before us," say the inspectors, all which he after-boom." That night he died. The contractor wa

SHE DEVELOPED WOMANLY TACT EARLY.

Prom The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The other day a bewitching nine-year-oll did something so outrageously bad according to the maternal code of good conduct that the mother declared she would tell her father. The offender knew that her father loved her above all, but she feared that the offence would certainly provoke him to wrath. She begged her mother not to tell him, but mother insisted and doing so. Finally the sly puss, coming to her nother, says: "Mamma, if you must tell papa, tell him after I have gone to bed, and let him sleep on it before he talks to me."

FRIENDLY JOHN CHINAMAN.

was making a chowder. Mrs. Yates related our story, and hoped that Mrs. Marlow could give us our meals for a few days. Mrs. Marlow was a large woman with more pretensions to dress than any person I had yet seen here. She had a flounce on the bottom of her gown, and one nearly as large about the neck. She said that she was very much flustered by our sudden arrival, and hoped we would excuse the looks of the front entry, but she "had been hendered bout her cleanin' house, When the entry

very funny and so innocently prefane that the cakes bad to be suppressed.

Wah, the wash-man, is a most surve and affable person. "Good-by," he says every week, with the most charming smile, and it is just as sweet when he has been blamed as when he has been praised, "Wah," remonstrates his employer on one occasion. "I think you must have thieves about your wash-house. See here. Sometimes it is a handserchief that is missing, sometimes a stocking—always something. Perhaps the cioties are taken from the line when they are drying," "Oh, Miss Blank!" replies Walk, showing every one of his magnificent teeth. "You see now. I go home. Next time I hang up high. No man he ketch." And, sure enough, there is no further trouble on that score. The next difficulty is a succession of unaccountable rents in all sorts of garments. After various remonstrances, threats and theories, Mise Blank suggests mice. "I wonder if it is mice, Wah," says she very serfously. The olive face beams at the suggestion. "Now, Miss Blank, you see. I go home. I get gun. I shoot 'em all."

Is it possible after all, as their detractors say, that all the characteristics of these people may be reduced to shrewdness! Certainly they are shrewd enough. A man from San Francisco went down a few years ago to a certain small town where a boom was expected. He sat up his shop and waited patiently a year or two, but the boom did not come. When, at last, he reappeared in San Francisco, with all his belongings, his neighbors expressed surprise. "What was the matter! Didn't you like it down there?" "Oh, yes! like well 'nough, but not muchee good yet. Too much by 'em by."

Boston Models.

From The Boston Transcript.

Said a bost-in artist to the Listenet: "All kinds of people, misled by the belief that posing is a light and easy occupation, and increative within, apply not comployment as anodes. Not so very long ago there came a rap at my studio door. I opened it and was almost overcome at the time visions of style and loveliness. Two lightes, one old and one young and booth handsome, stood at the threshold. They were evidently mother and daughter. As it was not my reception day, I stood at the door waiting their imquiry. The elder lady asked me if I had any occasion for the service of a model to pose diaped. I said I had, frequently. Then the mother asked what was the usual price paid for draped models. I replied 'From twenty-live to nifty cents an bour.' A flook of pain and disappointment passed between the two, and the mother said sauly: 'We were tord they received five dollars an hour.' Then, thanking me, they turned and went away. The whole history of a social struggle was told in the accent of the mother and the modest demeanor of the daughter, not less than in the suiden shadow of disappointment that passed over the latter's face. But such experiences are not common. Models are rapidly becoming a professional chase, and are very business-like in their ways. Foreign models occasionally drop into Boston studied, and a Frenchman, desperately poor, but carrying around with him everywhere a fich Arab costume, who could not speak a word of English, was, some months ago, an interesting visitor and did not go away empty-handed."

"The strangest oddest model I ever knew," remarked the artist, "was a man who would pose and talk politics for hours. He posed draped for the head, and his face was very striking, without being what outsiders would call handsome. As he lighted up himnensely when talking politics—the only subject in which he seemed to take any interest—never checked him, but painted on at alily, hearing now and then such phrases as 'If Ranahil earry the Protectionists with

A tiny lad, the son of a Baptist minister, was the fond owner of two kittens. Returning home one day the father was surprised to see his son approach with the kittens and carry them to a pool of water. "Haat are you doing, my boy!" said the father. "I am going to baptize my kittles for Jesus, papa."

"A MODEL LANDLORD."

HOW KING-HARMAN WON AND LOST HIS TITLE.

THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND ON HIS IRISH ESTATES.

To the Editor of The Tribuns.
Sin: The close fight between Colonel E. R. King-Harman, member of Parliament for one of the divi-Harman, member of Parliament for one of the divizions of the lale of Thanet, and Major Saunderson, the
Orange representative for one of the divisions of
County Armagh, for that new prize, the Parlimantary
Under-Secretaryship for Ireland, which ended in the
triumph of the former, brings that landford potentate
once more prominently before the public.

"The Colonel," to use a term by which he is best
known among his tenartry in the west of Ireland, is,
physically, a splendid type of manhood. He is almost
six feet three inches in height. If you happen to meet
him crossing O'Connell Bridge in Dublin, or hurrying
past the old Parliament House in College Green on his

A CALL STATE OF THE PROPERTY O

"What do you want, Larry Fogarty!" "We want our reats reduced," Larry said with an emphasis on the "we."

"If you call at the office to-morrow, Fogarty," said the Colonel, "and state your case, Major Robertson will look into it."

"Whew!" Larry thought that the Colonel had been asleep and he did this to arouse him; "State my case indeed! My case is all our cases, and I don't want anything that the others mustn't have." The matter of this contained sufficient to make him angry, but the manner of it was wormwood and gall to the great man. He had never heard snything like it before; nor, even making the most extravagant allowances for the chaos wrought by possible revolutions, did he ever expect to hear anything like it. And then to think of how that man, that plain man, that plain Larry Fogarty, his sert, looked around at the six or seven hundred other plain men, his serts! Why, it was enough to—enough to—he couldn't exactly say what. He lost the power of speech, his hands hung heavily by his sides and ac dropped his big blackthern stick which fell on the floor with a banz. Even yet he was unwilling to proceed under excitement. He might be doing something rash—and anything rash at that moment would be tatal. Couriers were dispatched in every direction to take observations, Major Kobertson being especially detailed to keep a close eye on the moon. After the lapse of half an hour or so they all returned, each bearing testimony to the goed order which prevailed in the heavens above and in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. There was no visible commotion in nature. "It is these wretches who have changed and not I," he murmured sadiy as he again grasped his blackthorn and dismissing the crowd stalked away toward his eastle and disappeared within its fortress-like walls. Then the tenants set up a cheer and went home.

Editor William O'Brien and Editor Jasper Tully learning of this "good landlord' set out to investigate the tacts. In addition to the wholesale evictions which had driven the tenants to seek refuge on the barren Curlews, where they were again pursued and overthe tacfs. In addition to the wholesale evictions which had driven the tenants to seek refuge on the barren Curlews, where they were again pursued and overweighted by enormous rack-rents, it was learned that one of the rules at the estate which was enforced in many cases was that a tenant before his son or daughter was married must obtain from the agent his approval of the person with whom the union was to be effected. Then "the Colonel" kept a savings bank. It was established in his rent office in Boyle—which to begin with was illegal; but what did the tenants know about these things! His eight or nine hundred tenants put several thousand dollars into it because "the great white Czar, their father," told them that it was the safest place to have it. When the day came to pay their rack-rents, if any one dared to ask for a reduction the bank book was taken down and he was coolly informed of the amount on deposit and of his effectively in seeking a reduction in the face of this. Now, King-Harman's rent roll was reported to be about £40,000 annually, but it was well known that the land was so heavily mortgaged that not more than £6,000 or £7,000 came to him. Accordingly Mr. Tully opened fire on him in his newspaper, "The Roscommon Herald," and called upon the tenants to demand back their money at once. They did so in a body, which so embarrassed "the honorable and gallant gentleman" that he was at his wits' end for weeks to know how to raise the money; for needless to say there was searcely any money in the savings bank.

Then it was that "the Colonel" lost the title of

weeks to subtract to say there was scarcely any money in the bank.

Then it was that "the Colonel" lost the title of "model landlord," "good landlord," and so torth, and casting around for weapons of detence and not unding any he began a savage war of retaliation. He resigned his position as member of the Home Rule League

where he used to sit at the council table with Patrick Egan, whom he now charges with being in sympathy with murderers and who actually drew up his address the first time he appealed to the electors to send him to Parliament on the Home Rule cry. The gental and benevolent Forster, who believed he had a mission and that that mission was to save Ireland, was in nower in Dublin Castle. He had a coercion bill at hand. He had forty thousand roldiers, thirteen thousand policemen and an army of detectives, balliffs, spies, informere, Ornagemen and landgrabbers at his back. They swarmed in every nook and corner of the land. He had a corps of special resident magistrates invested with absolute powers, which were restricted only in matters of life and death. To this man "the gallant Colonel" turned is his affliction. One had not long to wait for the result. "United Ireland" was suppressed and every compley from Mr. O'Brien to the printers' devil arrested. A remnant of the staff escaped to Parls, where the paper continued to be printed and smuggled across to Ireland for circulation under great difficulties. Editor Taily's "Roscommon Herald' office was broken into and he hisseli carried away to Kilmainham Jail. Another and another and another sent to take his place met with a similar fute. Any one in any part of Koscommon who had become obnoxious to the imperial Pacha, whether on account of the part he had taken in exposing the landlord's treatment of the tenants or because he nappened to be a Land Leaguer, was locked up as well. "The Colonel" never sobered up one bit, never as much as gave one little moment to the reflection that this was the worst possible way to prove that his life-long claim of being "a good landlord" was well founded. He was made Privy Councillor, he was banquetted, and represented Dublin County for years. King-Harman was elected to replace him in the representation of the county. He had already grown extremely bitter toward his former friends and allies, and now from slandering her within. Major Saun

Table, "who is a clergyman in Harlem—a little roast chicken it you please, Mrs. Cothooker—has been spending a vacation in Florida. He returned last week and I thought I would attend service at his church this morning, and welcome him back. I reached the caurch rather early and found him lecturing to the Sundar-school. He had brought back from the South several small alligation and lizards and was exhibiting them to the scholars, showing no children how the crocodile would snap at a came or a bind town. He said they would make good picts, as it was the North. They and New York air very rich and plaints. The lecture was a great success, and then the north flore them, for crocodiles live on air at the North. They and New York air very rich and plaints. The lecture was a great success, and then the north flore them to the section and in an armices anake. After church I stopped a moment to elat with my friend. By that time everybody had gone but the sexton and I and two or three deacons who ware trying to persuade an old woman to rent a pew. As the minister and I were taking his wife hurried into the church very much excited and said: 'Joshua, come home immediately.' Those horrid creatures have got out of the box and are coming down stairs. Some of them have got into them, So two of the deacons and the sexton and i went over to help.

"That," continued old Mr. Rottle reflectively, "Is where I made my first mistake. We opened the front door very cautiously and went in. There was a crocodile on the stairs looking through the bannisters, and we got him in a hurry. The trouble came with the parior. Nobody seemed to want to go in. The sexton said he had very large feet and perhaps he had better wait in the hail. The deacons looked as though they were sorry they had not thought to say that, but finally we all went in together. It was curious where those animals had gone to. The snake had crawled into a hank cuspidor. There was a lizard under the freplace, a crocodile and a lizard is mark one out of his hiding place. I thi

It was an old Oriental doctrine that women have no souls. More enlightened philosophy concedes that they have purer, finer, more exalted souls than men. But they are too often contained in feeble, suffering bodies, which hamper and retard their full development. For all those painful allments incident to the sex Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best specific in the world, and is sold under a positive guarantee that it will do all that is claimed for it. Price reduced to one deliar. By druggists.

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in the Episcopal Thurch has been the jealousy of the local parishes. This jealousy was natural and perhaps un-avoidable in small cities, for the cathedral necessarily

face. But when sermon time comes you will see those features index on the dial just every motion you your self experience in an ordinary week of your life. You don't expect this, but you get it. The voice, naturally. don't expect this, but you get it. The voice, naturally, is the grand diapason tone, and it can go, as we have said, right down to rolling thunder, but so nimbly doer it respond to the varied demands upon it by the lighter sentiments that at times the flashes of ridicule or sar-casm seem to laugh themselves into our ears. And then instantaneously, the theme may rise into the realm of poetry, for Dr. Parker, with all his native rugget nees, is keenly susceptible to the beautiful in all things, and then an exquisite melody of grace expresses the charm of the lofty thought."

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